

The Pocahontas Times.

Andrew & Norman Price, Owners.

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Andrew Price, Editor

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\$1.00 PER YEAR

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THE WISH FOR LENGTH OF LIFE.

"Life! length of life!" For this with earnest cries,
Or sick or well, we supplicate the skies.
Paganish prayer! for mark what ills attend
Still on the old, as to the grave they bend:
A ghastly visage to themselves unknown;
For a smooth skin a hide with scurf o'er grown;
And such a flabby cheek as an old ape,
In Tabacca's thick woods might haply scrape.
But other ills, and worse, succeed to those:
His limbs long since were gone; his memory goes.
Poor driveller! he forgets his servants quite;
Forgets at morn with whom he supped last night;
Forgets the children he begot and bred,
And makes a strumpet heiress in their stead;
So much avails it the rank arts to use,
Gained by long practice in the loathsome stew.
But grant his senses unimpaired remain,
Still woes on woes succeed—a mournful train!
He sees his sons, his daughters, all expire,
His faithful consort on the funeral pyre;
Sees brothers, sisters, friends to ashes turn,
And all he loved, or loved him, in his urn.
Lo here the dreadful fine we ever pay
For life protracted to a distant day:
To see our house by sickness, pain, pursued,
And scenes of death incessantly renewed;
In sable weeds to waste the joyless years,
And drop at last 'mid solitude and tears.
—Juvenal.

POT POURRI.

BATH COUNTY.

"Advice unsought is cursed of God," the poet says, but we would take the liberty of advising Bath county to build a new court-house, for the reason that about once every quarter an account appears in some northern paper about the quaint, homely court-house and court days of Bath county, written by some visitor to the Hot Springs. In order not to be peculiar the citizens of Bath should indulge in modern buildings that would be a convenience and save them a good deal of attention. The tourist's interest would disappear with a new building. An account of "a court day in the Virginia mountains" printed in a late number of the New York Law Journal, was easily recognized as a picture of Bath County's old court-house.

It may be that Bath is proud of the ancient court-house and likes the publicity the writers give it. We do not think it likely the county of Bath will take our advice, for we have been advising the county for years to bridge Jacksons River and Back Creek, promising them in return the trade of Pocahontas as long as they needed it. We would have felt bad to have seen Bath go to the expense of bridging these streams and then to have the wagons stop at the Greenbrier Railway about the time the bridges were completed.

MARLINTON.

Marlinton is to be the largest town on the Greenbrier Railway if one can judge from its natural advantages. The 98 miles of railroad will be built along the banks of the river, and Marlinton is the only place on the river that a natural crossing is afforded. It was an important point in strategic movements in the civil war. It has always been regarded as the centre of Pocahontas county.

Three State roads centre at this point, and it will be the depot for the country on the headwaters of Elk and Williams rivers, and the Knapps creek valley, and even a part of Bath county. Stony creek comes in from the west and Knapps creek from the east. The place where the waters meet is where the people will be gathered together. Marlinton is the point at which the Camden system will eventually connect with the C. & O. system. We have the county seat here,

The town site is in the hands of men whose sole object is to afford every facility to those who will bring industries to the town. With railroad facilities, many men will come to Pocahontas to engage in business. Marlinton will bid high and offer every inducement to make this town the home or the headquarters of all new enterprises. We expect to see the courts, the banks, the high schools, best stores the shops, and the wealth generally of the county, centered in the town of Marlinton.

COLONEL CLAY'S PANTHER.

Colonel Cecil Clay of Washington was well known in Pocahontas about 1880. He was the first man to endeavor to utilize the Greenbrier river to float timber to the railroad. His effort was not very successful, and was but the forerunner of the perfection the enterprise has since attained. He is a great hunter, though the loss of one arm handicaps him greatly in the sport. Of late years he has been going to Canada and Maine, and recently killed a large moose with a fine head of horns. He killed one of the last panthers shot in this county.

He was hunting at that time with Francis McCoy of Beaver Dam, who is known far and wide for his great strength. In April, 1891, they found where a panther had killed a deer. The next morning there was a tracking snow, and they went to the place they had left the carcass of the deer. The panther had been there and left a plain trail. This was on Tea creek mountain. They followed the trail for several hours and finally came to the bed of Tea Creek. Here the track was hard to follow, the panther jumping from rock to rock, often a long distance. They crossed over and followed the trail through a laurel patch. About this time they passed within a few steps of where the panther lay. It had made a circle and when the hunters had passed it sprang out across its trail. Thomas Galford was behind leading the hounds and he came up a minute or so after the panther had crossed its trail and he loosed the dogs.

The panther took to a tree within a mile, and when the hunters came up it was standing across the body of the tree on two limbs, its hair bristling and its tail bending, the very embodiment of fury.

The only gun they had was a heavy mountain rifle, and Colonel Clay being anxious to shoot the beast, Mr McCoy allowed him to rest the gun on his shoulder. It started to fall, but in coming down caught a limb with its unhurt fore paw and would have saved itself from falling but the limb, which was dead, broke with a crash and the panther fell among the dogs. They laid hold of it and the panther clutched a favorite hound of Mr McCoy's by the back of the head and tried to rend it with its hind feet, but its back was broken and it was unable to do so. The dog was in terrible distress and Mr McCoy ran in and taking hold of its unharmed paw put his foot on its neck and stretched its leg out and so held it until it died. The panther was one of the largest of its kind.

A BEAR IN THE DEADWATER.

Mr McCoy gives this account of an encounter with a bear on the Deadwater of Williams River.

When he was a young man he went to that neighborhood on a visit and was invited to take part in a deer chase. He was given a stand on the Deadwater. For weapons he had a flintlock rifle and a musket loaded with fourteen buckshot. He had not watched long before a big bear came down the mountain and entered the water and swam towards him. At a distance of about fifteen yards he shot at its head. He says he never could shoot a flintlock without shutting his eyes when the powder flashed, and for this cause did not kill the bear. He must have hit it, however, for it commenced to swim in a circle. He hastened to reload, but before he got the ball

rammed down the bear recovered and swam ashore. Dropping the rifle he took up the musket and as it emerged from the water fired the whole load behind its shoulder. The bear turned and bit at its side and then ran off up the mountain. He followed it as far as he could distinguish the trail but did not find its body. The next week the bear was found dead about 400 yards from the river.

My First Partridge Hunt.

From Field and Stream.
Some twenty odd years ago I located in Michigan, having recently come from one of the Southern States. The first man I became acquainted with in my new home was at that time one of the best wing shots in the valley, despite his sixty years. He still, though more than eighty years old, can kill his birds right and left if the light is good. I have hunted with him every season since, and for the last few years he has visited me for a week or two during the hunting season, and many days of glorious sport we have had together. I can remember my first hunt with him, and it was my first partridge hunt. It happened as follows:

"Doc, do you ever go hunting?"
"Why, yes, sometimes."
"Will you go with me tomorrow?"
"I'll be at your house with the rig about six in the morning."
"All right, I'll go."

Six o'clock comes rather early in November, but this particular morning was all that could be desired as promising a perfect day. We started off and in about an hour drew up in a well sheltered nook on the bank of Cass River. Our guns were quickly drawn from their cases, and we were ready for the sport. After a few minutes walk we came to a dense poplar thicket, and my old friend remarked, "We will go in here."

I wondered why we should go into such a place with the expectation of being able to shoot. The brush was from six to twenty feet high and about as thick as the fur on a rat's back. However, I thought if he could stand it I could, and as I had shot quail, prairie chicken, snipe, woodcock, and other game in the South and West, I thought I knew a little about hunting. I had had no experience with ruffed grouse, or partridge as they are called by the native Wolverine, and when the dog came to a point in the very worst part of the thicket I was somewhat curious to know how we were to get the birds. In my anxiety to find a place where I could at least see them when they flushed I nearly trampled on two six-pound cannon balls that ricocheted through the brush, and for ten seconds I was half scared to death by the double report of a howitzer within ten feet of me. When I pulled myself together I found what I had taken for cannon balls were only partridges, and that my old friend had killed them both.

We went on and after a little more crawling over logs and worming through the brush the dog came to a point. In trying to find a hole in brush large enough for me to lift my gun in I fell over a log, and up went the birds from near my nose. My old friend killed two more and asked my why I laid down.

"I acquired a habit," said I, "when in the army, of lying down when firing began on the picket line."

My friend was having a good time and killing lots of birds, and I was improving somewhat, for by noon I could find room in the brush to lift my gun; after the birds were out of sight, and towards the middle of the afternoon I had become so accustomed to the sudden whir of wings and the bang! bang! of my old friend's gun that I actually did shoot three times in the general direction the birds had gone.

Since that time I have had some experience in poplar and alder thickets and have learned to distinguish a partridge from a cannon ball, and after an enormous waste of ammunition and shooting hundreds of holes through the air, I finally did kill a partridge.

Libertizing a Wolf.

From the New York Sun.

The story of a wolf which was abroad one night last week in the Bronx must have recalled to a young New Yorker the experience of one stormy evening through which he passed only a few weeks ago. After dinner which had been somewhat prolonged he started down town with a friend having Chinatown as their ultimate destination. Their progress in that direction was more than once interrupted, and by the time they had

dark and some time passed before the janitor in charge could be brought to the door. When he arrived the two men handed over the wolf without a word and breathed a sigh of relief. The janitor, who had seen the animal depart but a few hours before, was evidently not surprised. The animal seemed as relieved as its former owners, who have never yet forgotten how inconvenient the society of a wolf may be in New York, however docile and well intentioned the animal may be.



SCENE AT THE MOUTH OF KNAPPS CREEK.
From Forest and Stream.

Photo by Norman Price.

reached the head of the Bowery their enthusiasm for going further had about disappeared; so they turned into a dime museum, intending to compromise on that as a substitute for Chinatown. The audience was about to be dismissed for the night, and the two young men seeking for adventure were soon to be turned out once more into the Bowery. Just then the eye of one of them fell on the sight of a docile and despondent wolf in a cage, awaiting with apparent eagerness the hour of sleep. This young man happened to pride himself on his record as a hunter, and the sight of the wolf at that time was enough to arouse all these emotions in him. He declared he had never seen a finer animal; that it was a shame to keep him in captivity and rather than commit such an outrage he would buy the beast on the spot. As the animal was somewhat decrepit and excited very little interest even in the minds of the most unsophisticated spectators of the museum, the proprietor was willing to accept an offer of ten dollars for him. A rope was tied to his collar, the wolf given to his new owner, the doors of the museum were closed, and the two young men found themselves on the side walk in possession of the animal, which was as quiet as a cat and evidently willing to do whatever they desired. Fortunately they were in a state of mind which ameliorated the incongruity of their situation, and they decided to take the animal home. Naturally the cable cars whizzed passed them without any signs that they had been noticed. There are no cabs on the Bowery at night, and there was no means of getting home with their new charge other than walking. So the trio started uptown on foot. On that journey the two men made several futile attempts to stop by the way, but the sight of the wolf hardened the hearts of the proprietors and they made the journey as far as Thirty-fourth street a sad and rather disgusted couple of men. The wolf evidently took no great interest in the proceedings. With every other place closed against them, they expected to find hospitality at least in their club. Even there the attitude of the few members present toward the introduction of a wolf showed them that their confidence was misplaced, and they were on the sidewalk soon again. A brief consultation decided them to return the animal to his quarters. Attractive as the brute might be there was no denying the inconvenience attached to escorting a wolf through the city. The question of transportation again interested them, for there were no cabs about the club, and the conductors were as flinty hearted as ever. But the hope of getting rid of the wolf gave them courage, and they started back to the museum on foot. When they arrived there it was

Apple Hunger on Them.

From the New York Sun.

One at least of the four small runaways from New York, who were caught at Poughkeepsie Saturday, was brought back to New York Sunday. He was Henry Koch, son of Frank Koch, a real estate dealer. His father went to Poughkeepsie and told the judge before whom the boys were arraigned that he would be responsible for his own son, and that he would see that the parents of the other boys were notified to come and look out for their own.

He brought Harry home by the first train. The boy wept all the way from Poughkeepsie to West Ninety-first street. After his mother was through with him, his next older brother and a still older cousin took him to one side. He cried his tears and lifted his head and between sniffles told the tale of his adventures.

Frank Rimmer, whose mother is a widow and lives at 763 Columbus Avenue, organized the expedition, Harry said. The boys are all of them less than 14 years old and all go, or ought to go, to the big school in West Eighty-ninth street, near Amsterdam avenue. The Rimmer boy came around after school on Friday, just as they were going home. He told them of the glorious apple orchards at Inwood and of the exciting journey to them by way of the freight line along the banks of the Hudson. The Koch boy had run away before. The others had not, but were willing. They went down to the river at the foot of Ninety-ninth street and climbed into a box car. The train attached did not start until it was almost dark. The boys would have gone home then, Harry said, but Rimmer told them not to be foolish. They would get back all right. When the train did start it went a great deal faster than freight trains ever did before in the knowledge or information of F. Rimmer, chairman of the committee on plan and scope. He said it was fun and the other boys somewhat faintly echoed that of course it was fun.

The boys kept the door of the car partly open. Through the opening Rimmer saw the orchards of Inwood go scotching by in whirling regiments of heavy-laden trees. The train did not slacken its speed there or at Spuyten Duyvil. These phenomena were also new in the experience of F. Rimmer. The other boys said they were going to get off as soon as the train stopped and go home. Rimmer laughed at them. He had been away from home since Monday, he said, and it wouldn't hurt them in the least to be out one night. They regarded him with awe, mingled with suspicion and grief.

The train stopped for the first time at Dobbs Ferry. It was raining hard then and there was a policeman in sight from the car door and they decided to wait for a better chance. The chance did not come until morning. They woke and found the train standing still. It took about two minutes to climb out to the ground. They were in the middle of a freight yard. They had no idea what town they were in; they only knew it was a very large one.

There was a freight train on the next track with the engine headed in the opposite direction from that behind which they had come. Four thoroughly scared boys who wanted home even more than they wanted something to eat, and that was a great deal, climbed in a car of the south bound train.

They huddled together in a corner and wondered what their mothers would say, and whether, if they showed themselves to a trainman, if he would give them something to eat.

The train stopped late in the morning and they took a look out. While they were still looking two men with railroad uniforms on and a policeman came running down the track, climbed into the car and grabbed them all and carried them away to the police station, that was just like a New York police station except that the policemen were not so big.

But the police captain, who was very big indeed, sent out and bought things for them to eat. They agreed that when they grew up they would have him made Chief of Police in New York.

That was the end of Harry's troubles. His father came and the Judge knew his father and every thing was all right except Harry's feelings. They hurt him somehow every time he looks his mother in the eye.

But he got off much easier than the other boys. For when his brother went around to the houses of the other boys, telling their parents to go to Poughkeepsie or to send \$1 to the Chief of Police to pay their car fare home, he found that only one of the boys was wanted at home. He was Alexander Ferguson. His mother went to Poughkeepsie after him Sunday morning.

Willie Hoppe's mother said she had written to the Judge in Poughkeepsie to put the boy in a reformatory for three months. When he was let out she thought he would like his home better.

As for Mrs. Rimmer, she rather wishes that the State would take care of Frank until he grows up. She is quite sure it is a task too great for her to combine with that of supporting her family. He is a habitual truant.

He spent three weeks in the truant school last spring, and then Mrs. Alger, the superintendent, sent him home, saying he was too good and sweet a little boy to be kept in truant school any longer. He ran away next day and was gone ten days. He disappeared last Monday and Mrs. Rimmer found out Saturday that he had been living on buns and pie and cake from her baker's, and had been calmly saying: "Charge 'em to mommer, please," after selecting each day's supply. She is sure, though, that he is not to blame for the runaway expedition. He must have been influenced by some bad boy, she says.

Anthony's Creek.

The North Prong of Anthony's Creek passes through a picturesque region and presents much to attract attention. A large part of the pine has been floated away, but one would hardly think that the woodman had been there so densely it is occupied by towering oaks, white and red, sugar trees of immense proportions, and poplars of largest size, to say nothing of birch, beech and birch. The spice wood grows to perfection here, whose fragrant odor and pleasantly pungent taste makes it a satisfactory substitute for imported tea, if the writer's taste be not too much at fault. The white thorn grows to a phenomenal size and is weighed down with its red berries that are so rich and luscious as to be pleasant eating. Some trees had berries large as grapes.

Several miles were traveled between ten o'clock and noon through so embowered by the interlacing branches that the shade was so much like twilight as to impress one that though so near midday and the sun was shining in noon-tide brightness, yet twilight had fallen at noon, softly on the way.

The Columbia Sulphur is a noted spring on upper Anthony's Creek and was in the possession of the late Hon. J. F. Clark, and now owned by his family. It seems to possess medical virtues in entaneous ailments, as well as diuretic and aperient effects upon the system when used internally. The mud used as a poultice has cured several aggravated cases of wild virus poisoning. Its location, elevation above the sea and virgin forests of pine and oak make it an ideal place for a summer resort.

W. T. F.